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CHARACTER OF HERNANDO CORTÉS.

"*Letters and Despatches of Hernando Cortes.* New York and London." Translated by George Folsom.

THESE papers are dedicated to the Emperor of Spain, Charles the Fifth, and contain an unvarnished narrative, of the romantic and thrilling events, which transpired in the Mexican campaign of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Folsom, by his faithful and accurate translation, has supplied an important desideratum, in English literature; and we cordially desire that his work may be extensively read and circulated, furnishing, as it does, a key to the world-renowned exploits of the Mexican Conqueror. It is properly a companion to the History of the Conquest, and would doubtless be perused with similar interest, as forming the written testimony of an eye-witness, and participator, of the actions related,—the hero himself. Although we have the narrative of the honest cavalier, Bernal Diaz, perhaps equally credible and interesting, we may readily believe the official papers of the commander-in-chief, of much higher historical authority and value.

Written in the modest and candid language of one, long the subject,

"——— of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

we cannot avoid regarding Cortés as every way equal, in courage, tact and generalship, to a Julius Cæsar, or a Gonsalvo de Cordova. Had he not been naturally endowed with superior genius, and decision of character, he could not have controlled the turbulent and mutinous spirits of his little band, through the checkered course of their career; much less, have dethroned a Montezuma, surrounded by powerful and loyal subjects, or subdued a republic of bold and haughty warriors, who, from time immemorial, had been the terror of the mighty Aztecs, and maintained their liberties against every invader.

Cortés was a man of extraordinary intellect. He seemed to possess in perfection, all those mental traits so essential, for deeds of daring, and hardy enterprise. Strongly imbued with the chivalrous spirit of the sixteenth century, his romantic enthusiasm, for war, conquest, and doubtful adventure, enjoyed unbounded scope, amid the wild and alluring scenes of an unknown tropical region. He was a true knight, devoted alike to the service and welfare of his country, and the cause of his avowed religion; and could elevate the standard of the cross, before the astonished gaze of the untutored Aztecs, or lay siege to their proudest cities, without a dream of other consequences than the honour of the virgin, and the glory of Spain. The device of his banner is characteristic of the times in which he lived.

"Amici, crucem sequamur, et in hoc signo, vincemus."

Fear was not an element of his character; and courage was tempered by so much forethought and prudence, as seldom to betray him into acts impolitic, or reprehensible, by the practices of war. His sincerity is beyond dispute; for who is not sincere, who submits to every trial, for the extension of his creed? We blame him not for insincerity, but rather for a misguided zeal—blind alike to the interests and frailties of humanity.

As frequently occurs, in the history of early genius, the true bias of his mind was neither displayed nor understood in boyhood. It is not improbable, however, that he engaged vigorously in manly exercises; such as sparring, fencing, and horsemanship, to the exclusion of mental and moral culture; and also, like the

Paladins of romance, that he was occasionally detected in intrigues and amours.

"Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower."

These formed the acquirements, and education, if we may so say, of the youth of old Spain, since valor and gallantry were in higher esteem at court, than either learning or morals. Still Cortés was not without some theoretical knowledge; for we learn that he was designed for the bar, and for this purpose had been sent to the renowned University of Salamanca.

His feverish and restless disposition, however, was peculiarly unsuited to the quiet, secluded habits of college, and after the expiration of two years, he contrived to leave the university.

At the age of nineteen, he embarked for the Western World. From this period of his life, his public history properly commences. Subsequently, whether surveyed in the field or in the camp, the same austere, reserved and thoughtful demeanor is apparent.

"The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on his own foundation. Blow ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempests on!
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs, and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin, holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the destined goal."

Without his presiding genius, we feel assured, Mexico could never have been conquered by such an handful of men, as were levied by the weak and irresolute governor of Cuba.

The conquerors of Mexico, had, if possible, more powerful stimulants to enterprize, than the soldiers of the Long Parliament. The latter contended for their religion: while the former had an additional motive, equally strong—the lust of gold. Avarice and fanaticism, united in their character, as incitements to exploits, almost unparalleled in the annals of war, and a self-denial which would have amounted to heroism in a worthier cause.

The distinguishing traits of the conqueror were a shrewd, in-

tuitive knowledge of human nature, a profound policy, equal to every exigency, great determination and vigor, in the execution of his plans, and a manly frankness and liberality, which ensured the esteem and confidence, of all his followers. Indeed to accomplish such a task, as he proposed to himself, required the highest powers of mind and body. He was fearless of personal security, and when he had resolved upon the accomplishment of a purpose, no object, however formidable, could daunt his resolution.

"Transilit; opposuit natura, Alpemque nivemque."

Wholly absorbed with one great leading idea, he seemed alike indifferent to the combined opposition of man and nature.

There is something striking and impressive, in the contemplation of his marvellous and successful career, in which gallantry and religious enthusiasm are so strangely intermingled. We shall cite a few examples, better illustrating the character of the man than any remarks we can offer.

. Having landed upon the Mexican coast, his followers, dismayed in view of the dangers and hardships before them, began to meditate a return to Cuba. Cortés, at the hazard of his life, as well as the defeat of his brilliant projects, sunk the vessels at their moorings, thus cutting off all possibility of retreat!

The capture of Tlascala, the discovery and defeat of the Cholulan conspiracy, the seizure of Montezuma in the heart of his mighty empire, the battle of Otumba, the method by which ammunition was exhumed from the crater of a slumbering volcano, and the construction and transportation of ships, hundreds of miles across an enemy's country, partake rather of the nature of fiction, than sober reality. But truth is here emphatically "stranger than fiction."

Whatever may be thought of the bloody massacres of Cholula, and Mexico, of the violence offered to an innocent and inoffensive sovereign, who enjoyed the universal homage and affection of his people, of the executions of Xicotencatl and Guatemozin, they should be estimated according to the military rather than the moral code. Extreme measures, are frequently justifiable in extraordinary emergencies. The chivalric conqueror of savage

tribes, who embarks his life, interests, talents and honor, in an enterprise where success is glory and immortality, and defeat shame, persecution and contempt, must not shrink from the commission of deeds, which to the advocates of peace, might seem barbarous and inexcusable. No one would presume to view, in the same light, the wild and licentious conduct of the disciples of Mahomet, with the enormities incident to a popular revolution. In the one case, the favor of Heaven is at stake; while in the other, a mere physical change of masters is sought, in the vain hope of ameliorating a condition often incapable of advancement.

We commonly estimate actions according to the magnitude of the object in view; and in proportion to the dissimilarity of such objects, will be the method of their acquisition. But we admit that "an end" does not always justify "the means." While we would not be the apologist of his crimes, we cannot withhold from Hernando Cortés, the just praise of a successful and brilliant adventurer.

THE EXTERNAL.

Man is joined in a mysterious but intimate union with the world around him. Not only is his physical organization controlled by the same laws with which Nature is governed, but his mind is also in a great degree subject to her influence and obedient to her dictates.

Perceiving that there is a striking analogy between himself and the external world, he carries it so far as to ascribe to the different forms which constitute it, the attributes of spiritual existence. He imagines the objects with which he has been long familiar, to be endowed with life, and unconsciously regards them as sympathizing with him in his misfortunes, and as rejoicing in his success. It is this mysterious union of the mind with nature which causes us, when after a long absence we revisit the home of our childhood, to feel a thrill of pleasure, as we look where the hand of improvement has made no alteration; and of sorrow where change has desecrated the hallowed spot.

For this reason too, the recollections of scenes familiar to his youth, are to the weary traveller upon the way of life, as road-side fountains ; to them the soul borne down with cares turns for refreshment, and drinking their sparkling waters, forgets alike the painful vicissitudes of the present, and the wearisome anticipations of the future, and thinks only of the happy past.

It is from this relation of the mind to nature that patriotism springs. The Indian weeps as he gazes for the last time on the distant hills where the bones of his fathers lie. The Swiss looks on the Alps where they stand as they have stood for ages, wrapped in their robes of mist, and wearing their icy crowns, and firm as the rugged hills that afford him a scanty subsistence, he resists alike the insidious attempts of traitors and the violence of open foes. Those old mountains with their fields of snow, appear to him as the monuments of his ancestors who fell defending their land from the Roman and the Austrian, and while Mont Blanc rears his towering peak to heaven, and Jura looks in stern grandeur on the vale below, he will preserve in his mind the memory of Arnold and of Tell. As the French conscript fell among the arid wastes of Egypt, as his spirit was leaving its earthly home, he thought not then of victory, nor of the bloody laurel with which France would proudly bind his brow, but the gentle murmur of the swelling Seine came borne to his ear on the desert winds, and the merry vintage dance gleamed in his dying eye. As the brave Castilian slept on the Aztec hills, the snowy sierras of his native land rose before him in his midnight visions, and the soft chime of the vesper bell came from the vale below. It was this love of Nature, as her grandeur was exhibited in their native land, that fired the souls of the Greeks when they drove the Persian spearmen from the field of Marathon. How could they be recreant while their country's gods looked in stern silence from their lofty hills ? while from the cloud that hurried black with rain across the vale, the forms of their ancestors bent with an anxious gaze ; while each bright wave that proudly raised its crest in the sea below, told them of Salamis and its immortal triumph ? To the hardy fisherman who dwells on the shores of Iceland, the boisterous uproar of the northern seas is nature's finest melody, and

the wild scream of the sea-mew is pleasant to his ear. The soul of the Scot is filled with emotion as he looks on the mists that wreath in fantastic shapes the heights of Nevis, or on the blue lakes that lie scattered among the heath-clad hills like fragments fallen from the arch of heaven.

It is from the external world that the sculptor and the painter draw their inspiration, when they clothe the cold marble, or the lifeless cloth with the mantle of intellectuality. As we look on an ancient statue, even while we gaze, power swells the nerveless arm, a smile plays around the stony lips, and the soul within speaks from the rayless eye. Or as we wander through some old gallery, and gaze on the forms of the men who a century before, mingled in the cares, the joys, the bustle of life, but whose resting-place nought marks now save the leaning stone half buried in the earth, and overgrown with sighing weeds, they smile on us from the dusty canvass, and we hear, as it were, a voice from the spirit-land.

It is from nature also that the most beautiful conceptions of the imagination spring. Poetry is but reality clad in the gayest robes of nature, dressed in the blue of the distant hills or in the crimson of the setting sun, its numbers flowing at one time with the gentle murmur of the rapid brook, at another with the resistless majesty of the mountain torrent. The old poets heard the voice of Nature as it came from the lake and the river, from the mountain and the plain, they recognized in her features the impress of divinity; but blind and ignorant of the true Eternal, they formed a thousand gods, and thus clad in the splendid panoply of nature their system of mythology arose. In the brook that gayly dashed its current through the forest they heard the merry laugh of sporting Dryads; in the rocks that came rolling down the mountain side, they saw the play of the Oreades; while the Nereid's blue eyes sparkled in the curling wave, and her snow white arm flashed in the wreath of foam. In the symmetry and grace that was spread everywhere over the face of nature, they recognized the principle of beauty; they clothed it in a mortal form, gave this imaginary being an eternal existence, and raised a temple to their goddess in the Paphian isle. In the moon, as her image glanced coldly on the sleeping river, as she paced the heavens in solitary ma-

jesty, or drove before her the fleecy clouds, they beheld purity, and built at Ephesus an altar to the chaste huntress—Diana of the Silver Bow. As the shadowy battalions of the air arrayed their cloudy lines along the northern sky, the old Norman saw the spear of Odin gleaming in the lightning's flash, and heard his angry shout in the burst of thunder. From among the lovely maids that led the dance in Tempe's vale, the Grecians took their goddesses, and the Olympian thunderer himself was none other than some primeval hero who in leaving earth for Hades, exchanged his palace for a temple, his throne for an altar, his sceptre for the swift-winged thunderbolt.

But let us not regard the external world as exerting an influence on man in his collective capacity alone ; to each, to all of us Nature addresses counsels, she teaches us with mute eloquence our duty to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow-man. Does one whose mind is oppressed with atheistic doubts wish to consult her oracle ? let him look around him, the very trees point upward, and the mists ascend to heaven. The forest as it exists, broad and boundless, is a temple of nature. Its lofty columns are of brown surmounted with green friezes, and all arched over with a leafy canopy. Its altar is the gray moss-covered rock, while music rises to a lofty pitch in the murmuring of the leaping brook, and again as the unseen fingers of the wind touch the lower notes, moans from the aged trees. As the shades of evening deepen, look down the long vistas that open like aisles through the sombre shrubbery, and your soul will hold communion with the spirit of the place, and with it bow before your Maker. What is there that teaches us so well how to commence our days as the early hymn of wakened Nature, when her face is radiant with smiles and flushed with pleasant sleep, and when from the moist earth a hymn of praise arises and encircled in the silver wreaths of morning mist, ascends to heaven. A day dies, and angels riding in the fiery chariots of the west bear its message of gratitude on high. Let the righteous man whose soul is borne down by the oppression and scorn of a sinful world, go to the sea at even-tide, when old Ocean has ceased to toss his hoary locks, and to beat the sounding shore with his countless waves, and when the swift tempests have

folded their weary wings and sleep in the crimson cloud, and he will see in this an emblem of the peace that is beyond the skies. The gay voluptuary, the whole end of whose existence seems to be to hurry from the glass of time the "golden sands," should see a solemn warning in the fall of the withered leaf, and its silent mingling with the dust. If he wanders as the evening shadows lengthen to the solemn woods, the dim and dusky forms that float in the evening clouds stooping till they sweep the tree tops with their trailing robes, whisper to him that he like them is passing away.

Connected then as we are with nature, let us not despise her instructions, let us read her mysterious volumes with constancy and care. The Cumean sybil has long since passed away, the elms no longer sigh above her sacred retreat, the very rocks that formed her cave have fallen into ruins, but the finger of Nature still traces lessons of wisdom on the leaves, reminding us that we too must fade and fall before the wintry blast of Death.

THE PROPHET OF EVIL.

"——— A spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with a wrathful mood ;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven."

CAMPBELL.

Not yet has gone the race of seers,
Who wildly sang in ancient years,
Of blighting wars and woes to come,
Breathed the shrinking warrior's doom,
Shadowed forth the ruthless fight,
Slaughter, victory and flight ;
Or in tones of deeper dread,
Whispered of the rueful hour,
When—bright freedom ever fled—
Noblest hearts should learn to cower.

One, the latest of his race,
With a fierce and haggard face,

Yet remains;—oh, would that he
 With his vanish'd sires might flee!
 Could you see him as he stands,
 Raised aloft his bony hands,
 Breathing from his shriveled lips,
 Curses deadly as the dew
 That from baleful Upas drips,
 You would wish his exit too!
 See, he cometh! Mark him now!
 Hate sits scowling on his brow;
 Fears spring up, and pleasures die,
 Withered by his evil eye.
 Now a hellish spell is o'er him;
 Every floweret fades before him.
 All tuneful sounds in awe are still:
 Each warbling songster hushes;
 Silent is e'en the flashing rill,
 As through the vale it gushes.
 See! he lifts that trembling hand,
 Slowly waves that mystic wand.
 Hark!—in tones as full of woe
 As the wails that ring below,
 Sings he now—oh, hated seer!—
 Words that freemen mock yet fear:—

“Columbia! Columbia! proud nation of the west,
 Oh, vaunt not of thy glory, dream not thy fate is blest;
 A sword is hanging o'er thee, whose brittle thread shall break;
 The laugh of hell is ringing at the slaughter it shall make!

“Thy sun arose in splendor, thy dawn was pure and bright;
 Thy mid-day shall be gloomy, thy afternoon be night;
 Thy liberty shall perish like snow dissolved in rain,
 And the nations in their wonder shall seek thy place in vain.

“Ha! boasting sons of freedom, would you the future scan?
 Then nerve you for trial too terrible for man;
 Fire, slaughter, desolation, and Heaven's avenging wrath,
 Are the clouds that hang above you, the lions in your path.

“Your starry flag shall float no more; its folds shall be defiled;
 Your eagle flap its broken wings, and scream a requiem wild;
 Father and son shall nerve their arms against each other's life;
 The streams shall swell and redden with the blood of brother's strife.

“Your union shall be severed: the last hope of the free,
 Be torn and rent asunder as lightning rends the tree;
 The world shall view despairingly the set of Freedom's sun;
 For tyranny shall finish what anarchy begun!

“Columbia! Columbia! proud nation of the west,
 Oh, vaunt not of thy glory, dream not thy fate is blest;
 A sword is hanging o'er thee whose brittle thread shall break;
 The laugh of hell is ringing at the slaughter it shall make!”

THE PRESENT AGE.

Notwithstanding the ingenious and fine-spun theories proving the world and humanity to have grown worse and worse, even to our own day; and though we find ourselves opposed to some choice philosophic spirits; still we fear not to hazard these assertions, that the world has made some advances since the ark rested upon Mount Ararat; that mankind have not degenerated since the time Horace speaks of:

"Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia,
Unguis et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro propter,
Pugabant armis, quae post fabricaverat usus;"

that our civilization shows some advances beyond that of antiquity, if it be only on account of the press, the steam engine, and the magnetic-telegraph; that taking a comprehensive view of our social life, with all its evils, imaginary or real, it is not for an instant to be weighed in the same balance with that of earlier, ruder, darker ages.

And this is evident not only in the common affairs of daily life, the plow, the loom and the anvil, but also in those more subtle manifestations of thought and feeling—the evidences of internal life—which most generally escape the superficial observer. The hasty glance of the common mind can scarcely lead to error, so easy is the analysis upon which depends the conclusion; yet the more philosophically and thoroughly the subject is considered, the more decisive is the same result.

The lover of the past forgets that he contemplates those distant periods with the light of the present beaming on him, and all the potent influences of the present, moulding and ruling his mind. He fails to perceive that what he proudly imagines to be the past is but the present, with its sharp features softened down and rounded to a form of beauty pleasant to his imagination, but having no more foundation in truth than the dreams of youth in the world of reality.

We all find it hard to believe that any but sages and philosophers dwelt at Athens, or frequented the groves of the Academy,

and it is not easy to conceive of ancient Rome except her Senators be present, to give dignity and unity to the picture. But vain imaginings do not constitute accurate conceptions of those early days. Nor should we suffer ourselves to believe only what we wish were true. Those then, who would obtain a vivid idea of the misery and sin and sorrow, which filled the world in by-gone ages, must carefully attend to the teachings of contemporaneous history. Let us indicate one or two of its lessons.

In nothing were the ancients more remarkable than in their contracted views of human nature; tribes and clans, sects and parties, Samaritan and Jew, and such like distinctions, served but to cut up the race into paltry segments which vilified and despised each other. Had their national and sectional divisions served but to distinguish race or language, we could not object to them; but when we find each little section arrogating all that was good or precious, and regarding all others but as beasts that perish, what can we feel but loathing and contempt?

We will not say that this Pharisaic spirit is never displayed in modern days, we certainly have our would-be 'upper ten thousand,'—but those who cherish a feeling of exclusiveness, who desire to say to their fellow man, 'stand back, I am holier than thou,' cultivate sentiments in opposition to the benevolent and philanthropic spirit of the age.

It is useless to talk of the 'Age of Pericles,' and of Grecian refinement and eloquence, whilst we call to mind the sad condition of those states, rent asunder by intestinal divisions and factitious distinctions. It is folly to prate of the golden age of Rome, when we know the mean condition of her common people, degenerated into mere lazaroni, and brutalized by the constant view of the slaughter of gladiators, or the still more barbarous and bloody rites of the amphitheatre.

"Atque duas tantum res anxins optat
Panem et circences."

Nor shall any lover of the past tell us we misrepresent antiquity whilst those hoary relics of an early civilization which still exist in living vigor in China and the Indian peninsula, are witnesses to the truth of our position.

Though we cannot claim for ourselves or for the spirit of our age, anything like what every enlightened philanthropist desires; though we cannot claim for the early blush of morning the splendor of the noon-day: though we still have our plebeians, our patricians, still in our darkest season, we live in an atmosphere far clearer and purer, strange as it may seem, than the fogs and mists and malaria which enveloped even the Augustan period.

Now that shortness of vision which will not see beyond its own little domain, that patriotism which would confine the sympathies and affections to geographical boundaries, that extreme nationality which would laud our faults and failings as though they were our glory, are justly despised. Mankind are beginning to take an interest in man wherever he may be found, and under whatever circumstances he may be placed. The time approaches, scoff as we may, when the place where we were born, and the ancestral line we boast, will not be regarded with supreme considerations, except by paltry minds. Look at the magnanimous position of the American nation, when Greece and Poland struck for freedom, and when suffering Ireland groaned for bread, and behold an earnest of 'the good time coming.'

Some few of us may turn our eyes from the poor and despised; we may gather our robes about us for fear of contact with the wretched; we may look loftily because we first saw the light in this or that corner of the world, but the day is past—past never to return —when intellect was thus displayed.

When we walk in the crowded city, and see the endless stream of men rushing by us, the one to his merchandize, the other to his farm, a strange feeling of loneliness and solitude, irresistibly steals over our minds, and we are apt to feel misanthropic, and to regard each one that passes by, as living only for himself and caring nought for others. But do we know what heroic thoughts are pent up in the breast of the passer-by? Many a damp dell in the sombre woods that no foot ever trod, sleeps in quiet beauty; full many a silent lake reposes in grandeur that no eye ever saw, and from the thronged city, which mammon seems to rule, God can choose out his jewels, though we see them not. 'To our eye all may look cold and sad and unfeeling, but let there come a

sudden cry from those in affliction, for aid in the cause of that which is lovely and of good report, and how quickly is the need supplied by the hearty assistance of sympathizing men and women!

The glorious lesson taught in the story of the good Samaritan, is to be in the years to come practically exemplified; then the human race will be what they always should be, a brotherhood. Every throb of the mighty heart will be felt at the farthest extremity, and every providential misfortune will be relieved or alleviated by the general sympathy of all.

Science and knowledge and the true principles of the Bible, are being slowly infused into our social intercourse: and humanity which has suffered so long and so sadly through ignorance and sin, is beginning to know and to feel, at last, a truth long since revealed, 'that God has made of one blood all nations of men on the face of the earth, and that in any nation, he that feareth him is accepted.'

While indulging in such reflections, a grand social system rises majestically before the delighted imagination. The elemental chaos seems arranging itself into definite shapes, the general confusion giving place to order, and a new moral universe appears just springing into form and being and perfection. It may be an illusion, a phantasm, but we would fain continue our confidence in humanity, and preserve the belief that from the present—on—far on in the future, the world is to become wiser, freer, happier.

FICTION AND TRUTH.

Man has been called the master-piece of creation; and when we consider the true grandeur of his nature, and the deep mystery of his spiritual essence; when we reflect on his capacities for enjoyment, for improvement, for intensity of feeling, we must not only crown him as creation's lord, but must tremble at his towering supremacy.

The world has now grown old; we stand on giddy heights and look down through a long and varied past; we see the action of the mind fully developed in the history of all that has come and gone, we survey the raging of human passion, and behold a heaving, stormy sea that has never known a calm—and all this is but the energy of man's inward nature.

Since then, this power is so immense, what influence is most suited to act upon it? It is the search after truth,—the study of existence,—the investigation of solid unchangeable realities. This is the mind's true study, this the pure air in which the soul should breathe, and here man's end is gained. The charms of novelty and romance, the fancy flights of genius, aspirations after an ideal perfection, all seem to form an elysium of pleasure; but surely this is not the end for which these god-like faculties have been given to us. Man was *not* made to *dream*. He was not placed on earth to conjure up vain images of the unreal and unknown. Life is too real—life too earnest, to permit man thus to amuse himself with beauty rather than improve in knowledge. The poet loves to wing his flight where thought grows bewildered with its own intensity; he seeks to soar in heights sublime, where the eye that follows him must droop, and the mind itself be lost. The thoughts of poetry are beautiful and grand; the world's hard heart has been made to beat in unison with the poet's ecstasy, and the soft enchanting music which has floated to our ears from the most distant times of inspiration has been re-echoed by the spirit's inward melody. The chord the poet lightly struck, has vibrated through many a heart, and met responses in the recesses of the soul long after his own bright spirit fled away from earth. There have been many who seemed indeed to be sweet minstrels sent from heaven to cheer humanity in its sadness; and their strains have been so soothing, so elevating, that they have held the spirit in admiring wonder and then given it wings to revel in this dreamy gladness. But is this to form the study of the being whose nature is but a degree lower than that of the angels?

Let the enraptured poet tune his heart to nature's purest melodies; let him court communion with her loveliness; let him

stretch his flight to the most enchanting spirit-land, but this is *not* man's highest aim. Truth is perhaps less dazzling, less pleasing to the imagination, yet in itself it possesses a romance most worthy of the mind. The laws which govern the operations of the universe, the great truths of mental and moral philosophy, and the relations of matter, which the researches of unfolding science display, unite to form an object by far the most suited to employ the intellectual energies. Knowledge of this kind imparts a consciousness of power to its possessor. The man of science of the present day stands on elevated ground; he looks down through a changing past, at the great laboring minds that longed for truth, and could obtain but the faintest glimpses of its brilliancy; he beholds the bewildered Plato and Socrates and Cicero, whose eager eyes intensely peered into the future, after that light which they believed would burst in upon mankind. He sees that the great principles of modern science, which are now so familiar, were then entirely unknown; and while he honors the faithful laborers who strived so earnestly to know the truth, he feels proud in his own advancement.

The extravagant theories and vague speculations of the ancient philosophers are now fully disproved, and eclipsed by the splendors of scientific attainment. The world honors the names of such as La Place, Bacon, Newton and Franklin. While it bows in reverence before the overwhelming genius of those who derive beauty from things which are not, and who clothe humanity with the delicate robes of imaginary perfection; it feels grateful to those who have told men what they are, where they are, how they exist, and the true nature of all things.

The student of science can look into the hidden mysteries and beauties of the whole creation, from the modest flower that bends beneath the dew-drop, to the immense systems of worlds revolving in the infinity of space. Amid all the changes of matter—amid the numerous results of material combinations, and the varied phenomena which attract his notice, he clearly traces the action of a fixed law. The philosopher takes his stand upon a high eminence, and thence looks out upon the broad expanse of nature, with the proud consciousness that he is at home amid its

wonders. From the application of its immutable principles, from the demonstration of its unerring proof, from the absolute certainty of its conclusions, the results of scientific investigation may be considered as positive truths. Its creations are not abstract speculations, but isolated theories, individual in their birth, but general in their relations; and at the introduction of each of these truths, another trophy is hung up on the walls of the ancient temple, to abide there amidst endless years.

The infancy of science is long since past. The world has now grown gray in its attainments. In literature and the arts, the past may dispute with the present for the palm. The sublime songs, the thrilling eloquence, the spirit of martial glory and the brilliant achievements of expired greatness, which belong to the ancient world, unite to place it nearly on a level with the present. But in science it is far inferior. Then darkness reigned, vague and false ideas were prevalent in relation to the laws and operations of the material and moral universe, so that we are almost tempted to call the past a bright and beautiful fiction. In modern times truth advances with rapid steps; the constituent nature of the elements which sustain the world, the systematic order which pervades creation, the thoughts and passions, all are becoming more perfectly developed as time goes on. Bold science does not cease its march, it robs the frowning cloud of its terrors, checks the fury of the lightning's quivering blast, and sports familiarly with the wild up-heaving sea which one might think would forever roll its waves in solitary grandeur, and know no sound but the music of its own deep-thrilling minstrelsy. In a word, it elevates man to his true position, by making him master of creation.

As then science still flourishes, and with the expanding faculties of our nature continues to increase, where shall we place the limit to this advancement? Shall we say that when the spirit forsakes its earthly tenement, the pursuit of scientific investigation is forever ended? Can we believe that after the philosopher has engaged all his powers in long laborious efforts for the attainment of truth—after his spirit has stretched forward to look with eager gaze into the mysteries of existence—that when he closes his eyes

in death, he also ceases that noble study which has so long filled his soul? Can we for a moment believe that the grand system, whose founder is God, whose ultimate object is His own glory, and which is so pre-eminently adapted to draw forth and give exercise to the inward energy of man, will be laid aside when the soul enters upon its highest, purest state? Is this mighty fabric only adapted to life—the infancy—at most, the childhood of our being—and when full of the proud strength of manhood, are we to cease our inquiries into its vast dimensions? Oh, no! All nature cries no! The earth from her unexplored recesses, from her deep-voiced volcanoes, utters forth a stern denial of this doctrine. The dark unsathomed caves of ocean send up a magic voice, which rolls along its heaving waves, and tells us we have yet to learn the secrets of its vast bosom. The stars from their brilliant thrones in the sky—the thunder as it leaps along the battlements of Heaven—the lightning's withering glance—all tell us that though we are in some degree familiar with them, we have yet the fulness of knowledge to gain. From the soft murmur of the evening breeze—from the loud roaring of the tempest blast—from the wild pulsations of excited feeling—there comes a voice which tells of depths profound that man has never measured yet.

And surely the searching investigation, which now evolves truth by its progressive revelations, and tears out the secrets hid in the breast of nature, will not, *cannot* rest in the long future of our being. The earnest soul will strive to gaze into the far-off glories of creation, and its Creator will not check its struggling zeal. He will *not* disappoint it. He intends that man shall see and know the infinity of His glory; and, as by increased telescopic power, new worlds swell the vast host above us, so in the expansion of intellectual strength in the futurity of existence, long after the scenes of earthly grandeur shall have faded in a deep oblivion, the soul's piercing glance will discover new systems wheeling into view from the fathomless depths of creation. The black impenetrable shroud of mystery, which has so long hung around the deathless spirit, will at length be thrown off; and as it looks far back into the recesses of divinity, the gorgeous light of full revelation will burst in upon it, and the romance of earth, the

fictions of fancy, the dreams of genius, will give place to the everlasting romance of the future—*the study after truth.*

Athenaeum.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Classical Education has been deemed of primary importance. Any system of instruction, deficient in this respect, claims in vain the title of liberal. Indeed, so inseparably blended are all the elements of classic and modern literature, that to possess the one so as fully to appreciate its intrinsic excellence, necessarily includes the possession of the other. Dissever the members of the human body, and you may as well look for individual vitality, as in the dismemberment of these two literatures. They sustain to each other a mutual relation. If the superstructure of the one is grand and imposing, to the other must we look for the foundation. If the streams of the one are clear and majestic, we must refer to the other as the source. Tell us not, then, of the accomplished scholar whose mind has not been modeled in a classic mould, and who remains as yet a stranger to the rich treasures of classic lore.

True, there have been men who, by the power of their superior intellects, have stood high in the literary world, who nevertheless have been ignorant of the fruitful source of their knowledge. But does this argue against the study of the classics? Does it not rather augment, or at any rate not diminish, its importance? for if such intellects, with such means, could have attained to such an eminence, where could they not have stood, had they possessed the full opportunities for complete mental development?

Go to the author of "Paradise Lost," and from him receive an answer to the connection between classical research, and literary attainments. Go to the host of scholars, from whom has emanated all that so brilliantly characterizes the literature of the pre-

sent and by-gone century, and let their united testimony to the indispensable importance of classical education, like the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, bear before it the petty objections of modern prejudice.

But, says one, "Why this vain eulogy of the classics? why this inordinate preference to the transmitting medium of ancient writings? They may all be read (by means of translations) in our vernacular tongue." Aye, as one communes with another by means of an interpreter! as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image! as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told! as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of the rivulet! as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmering of twilight!

That the study of the classics is altogether arbitrary, as a fundamental branch of professional education, is an egregious mistake. That they are essentially adapted to the necessities of the youthful mind, is a truth beyond controversy. Nor is this based upon an idle fancy. There are principles at issue which cannot be overthrown. The mind, naturally slothful, is averse to labour. It delights alone in the revellings of imagination, and in the attainment of that which the least effort can effect. Hence the fearful demand, and consequent supply, of the light literature of every age, or rather of that idle trash to which the very appellation of literature is a prostitution of the term. From this sleep of sloth the youthful mind must be aroused; from these visionary excursions it must be drawn away; and its every effort must be directed into that channel which, though its current be strong and difficult to stem, will nevertheless lead onward to the broad and unfathomable ocean of universal intelligence. What then can be more productive of this result? What can tend more effectually to fixedness of thought—to the entire concentration of the intellectual faculties—in a word, to the fundamental development of mind, than the faithful study of the Classics?

True, there are difficulties to be surmounted—barriers to be removed; but let the youthful aspirant after knowledge meet these with a resolute and determined mind, and in his very efforts he will find the latent powers of his mind aroused, and mental disci-

pline, the grand end of preparatory education, at once attained.

It is not true, that the classics are dependent for their acquirement mainly on the powers of memory. The judgment is by no means left dormant. They act harmoniously and united, each dependent on the other, and both evincing that "in unity there is strength." While the memory is engaged in recalling and retaining words and facts, the judgment is concerned in their correct collocation and disposition.

But if there were no other argument for the study of the classics than their incomparable superiority over all modern languages considered merely as pieces of mechanism, and in their adaptation to the varieties of euphony by changes of mood, ease, and the like, this alone would be sufficient to the unbiased and inquiring mind.

To the Greek and Latin languages are to be traced almost all the languages of modern Europe. Our own mother tongue is so intimately interwoven with the classics, that to separate them, would be to extract its very life-blood and leave it a lifeless form, in which could be recognized none of its original purity and harmony.

If such be the importance of the Classics, considered merely as vehicles of thought, and in their capabilities of presenting it to the best possible advantage, what is their importance when considered with reference to the thoughts they contain?

Classic literature! there is magic in the name. The ancient world reappears before us. Poetry, philosophy and the arts, glisten in their bridal robes. Borne upon the wings of Æolian melody, comes down to us the living music of old Grecian lyres. Homer in his ancient majesty is speaking, and the world is silent. Pindar and Anacreon breathe of love; and the Roman lyre, struck by the hands of Horace, and Tibullus, gives back the strains. Virgil assumes the harp of Homer, and the nations wonder at the exalted theme. Thales, Pythagoras and Plato are enlightening creation. Solon gives laws to the world. History is gushing from the purest fountains, and the earth quivers to its centre beneath the eternal thunderings of Grecian and Roman eloquence. Religion enters. The mountains, streams and glens are all reso-

nant with the songs of presiding nymphs. We are introduced into the assembly of the celestial gods. Hades heaves with the dread and everlasting dashings of the Stygian waves. The Elusinian mysteries are flitting before us. The oracles give forth their responses, and a thousand altars are shedding ensanguined tears, beneath the sad oppression of a thousand hecatombs.

If such be the power of the Classics in rolling backward the tide of centuries, and in giving vitality to slumbering millions; if in them we recognize the source of all that enlightens the present, and foreshadows the glory of the future; if to them we are indebted for the bright effulgence of modern literature, transmitted to us with increasing splendour through the long vista of departed ages, how can we duly estimate the importance of their study?

THOUGHT.—ITS INFINITY.

The power and presence of Deity excepted, it is no arrogation to claim for thought the government of the world. There are men, and nations of men, who seem slaves of passion and sensual appetite: beings governed by no fixed principle, obedient to no law, and subservient to no end, following interest alone and subject to brute force; yet here, as elsewhere, thought is the great *archon*—the ruling power.

But it is not alone in the right it maintains over the passions and prejudices of men, that we distinguish its supremacy to physical power. There are still higher evidences of its divinity. Of what efficacy that influence, if, like man, the agent, it were subject to the dominion of time; if with each wave of life, it arose and died away upon the great ocean of existence; if, like some spirit of mercy, having served its mission, it vanished from this nether world? Here it is, in its exemption from decay—its spiritual immutability—we discover the true nature and tendency of thought.

The days of Grecian glory have passed away; and the crumb-

ling columns, the dilapidated architecture, the broken shrines, the mouldered vestments and faded beauty of her Parthenon, all indicate that, with her glory, has perished also the worship of her gods; yet that one faintly perceived and barely credited thought, inscribed upon the altar on Mars' hill, gleams still upon the world in radiant reality. The grand temple—the only one of former time dedicated to the living God—with all its comeliness of proportion, its gorgeous tapestry and sacred priesthood, has ceased to exist, and with it the power and dignity of the Jewish state; yet the conceptions of God, that then pervaded and governed the actions of that chosen race, still live and move within the hearts of men.

Italy, a land that has done as much, perhaps more, than any other in cherishing and advancing the drooping and dying civilization of earlier days—before the majesty of whose laws, the practical wisdom of whose philosophers, the grandly beautiful and sweetly melancholy strains of whose poets all the world did homage—now receives but the sympathy and compassion of man; and for her former greatness exhibits only the sterile soil, the vacated halls and sullied honor of a mournful land. Her inquisition is no more; her christian and her heretic are no longer with the living; yet the resolute belief of a persecuted and anathematized Galileo, developed and extended, constitutes the germ from whence has sprung that modern system of truth and reason that defies destruction.

Thus it has ever been. This tenant of the mind is affected not by time nor toil. History, the oracle of the past, establishes the truth that while the governments and affairs of men will and must yield to the domination of oblivious time, the great and impelling thoughts, which give currency to their actions, will ever be had in the remembrance of man. That though for a while they may lie dormant and fail to exercise their legitimate influence upon human action; though inauspicious times and regardless men may seem to have obliterated them; yet in more genial climes and better seasons, they will again germinate, and under a free and full development form leading principles in the world of mind. Some guardian spirit, weeping over the corruption and moral ruin of the antediluvian world, might have believed and mourned that

the idea of God had disappeared from the earth, yet the preservation of righteous Noah manifests that one chosen vessel, one faithfullness mind, may retain and propagate that truth, "quick and powerful," to redeem guilty and godless man.

The same thoughts that civilized and governed an unrefined and illiterate age; that inspired and redeemed a stubborn and hardened race; that directed a primitive world through its successive stages of mysticism, refinement and civilization, will, experience leads us to believe, ever hold sovereignty among the children of men.

This feature, of itself, sufficiently vindicates the majesty and supremacy of thought, evincing its near affinity to the human soul, and to Him who is the centre and source of all thought.

PATRIOTISM.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says one of the most distinguished English poets, and the sentiment is expressed with so much point and elegance, and comprehends a truth so often overlooked or disregarded, that we feel loath to say anything calculated to lessen the estimation in which it is held. Still, it has always seemed to us, that there are many things exceedingly proper for the study of men, which will not fall under the limitation of the Æolian poet. It is placing man in altogether too important a sphere to make *the* proper study of mankind consist and terminate in an investigation of *his* character. Though every thing relating to the best interests of humanity should be diligently investigated by every lover of his race, and though, if we would be influential in our day and generation, we cannot know too well the mazes of the heart of man, we are not authorized in making this our only study, or in calling it *the proper study of mankind*.

But, however objectionable we may consider the line quoted at the beginning of this article, perhaps none of our readers will be

disposed to deny that any subject in which mankind in general are interested, is *a proper study* for every educated mind. From among a variety of topics of general interest, we choose at present to treat of Patriotism.

This is one of a large number of subjects upon which most of our ideas, so far from being the product of a natural and elevating sentiment, are almost entirely the result of a vicious education. Now we regard it as an evidence of good sense, whenever we find the disposition to pass in review before the mind whatever may be suspected one of the prejudices of education. This, however, is most generally a task beyond the strength of those who have not had the benefit of years of experience.

Man is the slave, the victim, we had almost said the creation of habit, and this, not as to his physical nature alone, but in his whole intellectual and moral being, individually as well as socially considered. Now there are many of those apparently free and generous in spirit, who would be disposed, unhesitatingly, to pronounce the foregoing assertion false, and who at the same time could lay their hands upon their hearts and say in all verity, they knew it to be false. But while this would not amount to a refutation of our statement, let us advise such to turn their eyes inward and narrowly scan their souls. Let them arraign their prejudices; let them bring their principles to the bar of truth, and justice and reason, and perhaps—we say perhaps—our assertion will not appear so untruthful: or, if this seem a too formidable labor, let them, when next they grasp the hand of a companion, or join their voices with the mob in condemnation of some frail unfortunate, ask their free and generous hearts, “why did you this?” and they will find, in most cases, that they have acted from the impulse of some habitual feeling or sentiment, the right or the reason of which they have never investigated.

It becomes us then, so many of us at least as desire to be honest and true, to watch our feelings, our thoughts, our impulses, our actions, that we walk not through life blind as to our characters and ignorant of ourselves.

High among the so-called virtues, most popular, and generally lauded and professed, stands Patriotism. From early ages even

until now, have poets sung in charming strains of chivalric and patriotic deeds,

"The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorned not such legends to prolong :
They gleam through Spencer's Elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme."

While the poets who sing in the light of this present age, have all the advantage of a high civilization, and while a crusade is now going on against the errors of the past, against the weakness of our fathers, patriotism is still in high repute, still praised, still sung. It is gloried in by the wise men of the nation, when assembled in the council chamber, while the most ignorant plough-boy that treads a furrow would feel it as a keen insult to be branded as unpatriotic. The wanderer, far from the home of his youth, though friendless and alone, is eager to vindicate the honor of his native land; and the ocean-tost sailor, or the undaunted soldier, care little whatever else betide, so long as amid the fierce cruelties of war the flag of their country waves triumphant in the breezes of heaven.

Now this sounds pretty well; but what is it after all? Is it not mere sentiment? The result of an ideal state of feeling, and where it in reality exists (for it is very often feigned) the effect of a false system of intellectual and moral culture?

What is Patriotism? It is a love for one's country. But suppose, to exemplify our patriotic love, we are called upon to do an injury to the country of another man, or bring a calamity to his fire-side; or suppose the real interests of our country and those of some foreign land conflict, what does Patriotism teach? Does it not enjoin upon us to prefer at all hazards the interests of our native land? Or, to make the case stronger, suppose war exists, and the rival armies engage in deadly strife, does not each combatant, on either side, profess to act in accordance with the dictates of Patriotism? Assuredly he does. Yet here that sentiment, which many suppose so praise-worthy, conducts men to decidedly opposite courses of action, one of which only can be right.

The followers of Jesus Christ have long since perceived the

dilemma in which the teachings of mere patriotism would place them; but as it is unfashionable to be entirely destitute of a quality so desirable, so popular, instead of discarding the false sentiment altogether, they have substituted in its place Christian Patriotism, which, they say, teaches us to love our country when it is right, and which would, as far as possible, frown down that more worldly boast, "Our country right or wrong." But Christian Patriotism, it is easy to see, is a misnomer; for it but teaches us in so many words to love that which is right. Now that which is right is for the good of all men, and the love of that which is for the good of all men is much better named Philanthropy. But Patriotism is not Philanthropy. The one is limited; the other world-wide in its heavenly exercise. "The field is the world," says the bible. What then becomes of Christian Patriotism?

Let us give a more extended definition of this heroic virtue. Let us answer in full the question, what is Patriotism? It is to confine the swelling sympathies of your heart to ever changing geographical boundaries. It is to turn your eyes from earth's wide expanse, to contemplate your own circumscribed horizon. It is, when your fellow-mortal is in want and affliction, to pass by, like the Levite, on the other side. It is a practical elucidation of that sublime sentence, "Charity begins at home;" and is, as it should be, "The last refuge of a scoundrel."

TRUE AND FALSE PHILANTHROPY.

From the most remote ages of which history gives us an accurate account to the present time, there have always been men whose minds were employed in endeavouring to advance the condition of their race. In some instances, their efforts were confined within the boundaries of the nations from which they sprung; in others, the field of their benevolence extended to the most distant regions, and the welfare of all their fellow-men was

the object, to the attainment of which, their efforts were directed. When their labors ended auspiciously, their memory was preserved in the grateful recollections of mankind, but when fortune frowned upon their efforts, the torch and axe became their portion, and tyranny forbade even the mention of their names.

The philanthropic labors of some were employed in subverting the deceiving doctrines of a false religion, while at the same time they instructed their fellow-men in the truths of revelation, or, if they were unknown, in the principles of pure and elevated morality. Failing in this manner to benefit his countrymen, Socrates had the hemlock-cup presented to his lips; and Luther being successful has been rewarded with an imperishable memory. As this is the most noble and beneficial reformation, so it is most fraught with difficulty and danger, and merits from us the highest praise.

But there have been other philanthropists who have labored for an end less worthy, since its effects are less enduring. They have exerted themselves for the amelioration of the social and political evils with which mankind are afflicted, and have in this way received a right to our respect and admiration.

It is to this class of philanthropists that we particularly refer.

Since the time when men first united in communities and framed governments designed to punish the evil and to protect the good, history teaches us that there have always been some persons whose minds have been occupied not only in the removal of evils, local and temporary in their nature, but who have made the principles on which the social fabric rests, the subjects of careful study and continued observation.

From the researches into the origin and necessity of government in which they have been engaged, some have returned impressed with the conviction, that few, if any, of the evils with which humanity is afflicted are due to faults inherent in society itself; that the corrupt nature of the human race accounts amply for all the suffering which it endures, and that any important change in the relations which men bear to each other would result only in greater evil. They regard all attempts at altering the existing social system with suspicion, and direct their efforts to

the reform of local abuses, the moderation of laws, the establishment of benevolent institutions, and other objects of a similar nature.

While the great majority of men who have paid attention to the subject, belong to the class just mentioned, there are many others, among whom are men distinguished alike for their ability and boldness, who attribute the chief part of the evils with which men are afflicted to fundamental defects in the constitution of society. As the ideas of these persons are more radical, so their designs extend to a much greater consummation. They attempt the subversion of institutions that have existed since the earliest historic period to the present time, and which by thus existing have received the sanction of the intervening ages. They strive to diminish the powers of governments, until in many instances they attempt to leave but the mere form of restraint too weak to control the passions and ambition of designing men. They hold the doctrine that no government can be just which does not enforce absolute equality, in property, privileges and station, between all those who live under its protection. There have even been some who have openly declared, that all property is robbery, that marriage is an unnecessary restraint on individual liberty, and that society can never be beneficial to the human race, until it is resolved into its original elements. While numbers belonging to this class of persons are undoubtedly benevolent in their designs, it is a fact which cannot be concealed, that their ranks are constituted in a great degree of dangerous and designing political adventurers, who from the various motives of disappointed ambition, love of notoriety and jealousy, have banded themselves together in a league, having for its object the unremitting persecution of all persons eminent in rank or in authority, whose professions of devotedness to mankind are as wide as the world, but whose real philanthropy is confined to that part of the species which exists in the space which they themselves fill.

Although it might be thought that the men who advocated doctrines so absurd were few in number and weak in influence, this has not always been true; for when was there ever a doctrine started so preposterous as to find no advocates among the millions

of mankind? In many instances, the very folly of the principles upheld has seemed to be a peculiar fascination to the multitude who are always to be found, whose only business is to hear and to tell "some new thing." So in this case, we find that there have ever been numbers willing to espouse dogmas, however radical and erroneous.

History gives us no account of the existence of this faction in remote antiquity, but in later days, during periods of general dissatisfaction and uneasiness, they have succeeded in enlisting sufficient numbers in their support, to give to the friends of order serious cause of apprehension. The noblest and best of Athenians suffered the ostracism, and the clamours of the angry crowds in the distant forum, reached to the very walls of the Acropolis. Rome felt the deleterious influence of these social agitators, and it was by means of a law passed by their exertions that the ambitious Cæsar succeeded in subverting the liberties of his country.* In no former period, however, did they gain such unlimited power, as they did in the first of those terrible revolutions which agitated the French people. By giving ready and active assistance to the popular party, they succeeded in identifying themselves with the advocates of republicanism, and having once been admitted to their ranks, the daring ambition and vigorous efforts of their leaders soon gave entire control of all their deliberations, and degraded the National Assembly into a mere pander to their desires. Under the guidance of Danton, Robespierre, Marat and others, they made Paris one vast arena of blood and conflagration. More sanguinary than the Roman emperors, they gazed with pleasure at the death, not of foreign gladiators struggling hand to hand, but of inoffensive and unresisting citizens. Europe looked with terror on the scene, and even French radicalists were at length forced to admit that their horrid massacres were something worse than the amusing exhibitions of a carnival. Not content with attacking long established civil principles, they attempted to remove the pillar of religion from beneath the social edifice and in so doing buried themselves beneath its ruins. Humanity was appalled at the spectacle of a people without God, a nation with-

* *Lex Agraria.* See Florus 3, c. 3, 13, Livy 2, c. 41.

out a government, a headless body writhing in the agonies of dissolution. By displaying the evil designs of the advocates of radicalism, by showing the shallowness of their philanthropy, and by exhibiting the futility of their visionary schemes, success proved the worst foe which these agitators had ever encountered. For a time, they were held in universal detestation. Their doctrines were left without an advocate, their leaders fell beneath the sword of stern but tardy justice, and all classes employed themselves in repairing the injuries which they had occasioned.

Having thus seen the results to which the mad designs of these fanatics tend, and having beheld the benefits arising from a more moderate and conservative philanthropy, it becomes all the friends of order and of justice to rally in defence of constitutions and of laws whenever and however they may be attacked. History informs us that experience, though a dear, is not always a successful teacher, that the unfortunate issue of an experiment is no security that it will never be repeated, that the failure of these social agitators gives us no security against future struggles, and that judging from their past course in selecting countries where liberal principles are in the ascendant, our own land may be chosen as the spot in which to act again their fearful tragedy. Let us then remember that governments must be endowed with sufficient powers to render them effective; that the right of property is not only made sacred by justice, but that any attempt to infringe on it, takes away that constant emulation which gives activity and health to the body politic, and that too frequent concessions to the "progressive spirit" will transform the best regulated government into positive anarchy. Antiquity has given its sanction to the social system under which we live, and as, from the sandy plains of Egypt, link after link of the long-lost chain of ancient civilization is exhumed, each corresponds with the others that are already gathered. The principles on which society is based are implanted in the breast of man. They are coeval with his existence, and on their perpetuity depends his happiness and welfare. Let no sacrilegious hand be raised to disturb these legacies of the the buried past to the living present. Let no one in the pride of modern self-sufficiency attempt to remove one of the pillars of

society. They must remain as long as human nature is unchanged, the same now as they were when Petrea's cliffs had been touched by no workman's chisel, and the time-defying pyramids existed only in the imaginations of their projectors.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. A., OF NEWARK, N. J.

'Tis well—they talk about the heart
 Who never knew its powers,
 Or felt in anguish keen depart
 The heavy-hearted hours.

They smile at grief who never knew
 The deadly depths of wo,
 Known only by that very few
 Who do not grieve for show.

The heart is thought a dangerous thing—
 E'en scouted at by Folly,
 As something almost sure to bring
 A world of melancholy.

Yet life, real life, is in the soul,
 Which is not ruled by art;
 And joys, whose tide spurns all control,
 Flow only from the heart.

'Tis well—they talk about the heart
 Who never felt the glow
 True virtue only can impart,
 The virtuous only know.

'Tis well—they talk about the heart
 Who never knew its power,
 Or felt in purest joy depart
 The happy-hearted hour.

E.

"A HAPPY HEART."

It seems to be the fashion of the day to mourn incessantly over the sorrows and evils of life. Each picture of its ruddy scenes must be colored with a gloomy cast, before it is considered a representative of our real existence, and each fond hope must be robbed of its brightness.

Yet why is this so? Life is not so full of misery that the sparkling smile should seem out of place, and the tear of woe the fit emblem of our constant state. Man was not placed here to wear an everlasting frown of grief; his heart was not meant to be the gathering hall of spirits whose dark spells might exert a dismal influence upon all that flourishes there. We are not surrounded by frowning phantoms who will brush away every incipient smile, or paralyze the shaking cheek of laughter. It is not a crime to make the air re-echo with a ringing shout; and if the full heart swell in its emotion and words of cheerfulness rise up to the lip, let the joy break freely forth, and gladden all around.

We love a happy spirit. We love to listen to its sprightly rejoicings. We sympathize fully with its gush of lively feeling. How refreshing to turn from groans of weariness and prosy complaining, to the free outpourings of hope and joy from the happy heart. It is like coming from the heavy air of the sick-room to the bracing winter wind, where the lungs can act with vigor, and can lightly play in the exhilarating freshness of their release. There is music in the loud-resounding laugh, and it comes over the spirit waking it up to listen with gladness, and driving dull care away.

Nature, in her smiling beauty, bids us also to be glad. The forest-king as he sports with the mountain gale, the rivulet, that leaps along in its gay career, and

"To the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune—"

the sweet serenity of the twilight hour, the gentle rippling of the waves,—all teach us to be joyful. Dark and heavy though

earth's storm-clouds be, yet amid their deepest gloom, the sunlight of hope flings a brilliant radiance across the sky.

It is not in the world of reason and of honest truth, that man is sad and sorrowful. Earth is lovely enough to the fair and the true-hearted,—though full of dread to the false and the deceitful. The inner man, the internal world, may be corrupt, and therefore all within is sullen and forlorn. This is the secret of the mourning over the ills of life. Here, in the deep consciousness of guilt, in the restlessness of wrong committed on the innocent, in reflection on unrighteous plans conceived, or impure motives cherished,—here is the source of the misery. No wonder that there is little joy to him who carries such corruption in his breast; no wonder that the years as they roll by almost crush him with their weight. Wrong and crime cannot bring comfort here. Guilt, dwelling in the thoughts and outbreaking always in the life, finds no sympathy with itself and looks in vain for happiness. But this misery is not *life*. There are happy beings in the world whose life seems beautiful because of the incessant sunshine resting on their path, whose thoughts seem full of sparkling gladness, and whose words pour forth in lively measure, telling of joy within. Such cast a radiance around them, which drives away all gloom from the sorrowful, and a warmth which comforts the disconsolate and dries up the fountain of bitter waters. The fumes of passion's unholy fires may rise, but they do not tarnish the fair drapery of virtue's throne.

In nearly all situations of life, and during its bitterest hours there is a source of joy. The intellectual excellence of our nature, the high susceptibility of enjoyment, the intensity of feeling the powers of taste and the mental advancement which belong to humanity deny that it is wretched and miserable. All these must make us fit to be happy,—all these should make us really so.

Yet it is true that sorrow has blighted our race, that the tear has usurped the place of the smile—that the broken sigh is often heard, and peace reigns not in every breast. The happy boy that threw an air of cheerfulness around his path, and lit up the shrivelled countenance of age, often becomes a sad sick-hearted

man; and the simple gaiety of the sweet-smiling girl degenerates into the cold austerity of grief. It is true that hearts once filled with all that was joyful, whose deep-responding chords gave back sweet music to the touch, have broken, and their mutilated strings have "grated out harsh discord."

Yet life is not itself the absolute source of all this sadness. The mere fact of being implies no necessity whatever, to wear out the days of that being in misery of soul. The evil arises from *voluntary action*.

"Each in himself the power
Has to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter; hence from out the self-same fount
One nectar drinks, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One sees ten thousand angels look and smile;
Another sees as many demons frown.
One discord hears, where harmony inclines
Another's ear. Who will, may groan; who will,
May sing for joy."

We love to look upon the bright and beautiful in life. We love to listen to the spirit's soothing melodies which float upon the air of earth's saddest scenes. The man of pure and gentle heart finds a pleasure in benevolent sympathy with the suffering, which none can duly prize but those who earn it well. The man of high and noble thoughts, in the retirement of study, finds pure enjoyment. It may be that the world does not appreciate him as he labors; it may be that he is treated with neglect—that the proud and haughty look on him with scorn, yet he is made happy by the refreshing streams of intellectual pleasure that flow through his soul; and the light that glitters in his eye, tells of a spirit within, that drinks deep at the fount of purest feeling, that pierces beneath the outward and tangible, and gazes into scenes of passing loveliness.

There is too much of sadness and weeping in this beautiful world. There is some comfort in the sorest trials, some rainbow to paint the sky with brilliancy after the fiercest storm is over. There is a pleasure in the warm affection of the soul; there is joy in the communion of friend with friend; there is charming bliss in the fondness of faithful hearts that "love on through all

ills and love on till, they die;" and the man of conscious integrity can go down the declining years of life, while his wrinkled brow is wreathed with smiles and all is calm within.

In true moral excellence man can be happy, and earth wears a lovely dress to him whose heart is pure.

"True happiness has no localities:
She walks with meekness, charity and love.
Where'er a tear is dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned—
There is a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light,—
Where Happiness, descending, sits and smiles."

And here Religion points us to the fountain of moral excellence and if we come to this place of healing and drink in its blessedness, life will be no longer miserable, and we shall all have happy hearts.

FELIX.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Another year is now numbered with the mighty past, and old Time is still urging us onward to new scenes and new enterprises.

Nothing is at rest. The great Universe itself is in a state of constant life and activity. And why should we remain idle? There is no limit to industry, while the vast Unexplored discloses its long vista of inviting objects of pursuit to the aspirants of "glory, honor and immortality." We must either advance with courage and energy, or remain behind, in the contest of life, to mourn over the waste of privileges and talents conferred for the noblest purposes.

The impress of time may be clearly traced upon mind and matter.

"What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the roaring winds,

Shook by the slow but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight."

While matter falls to ruin and decay, mind acquires strength by lapse of years, enlarges its perceptive faculties, and becomes fitted for every new sphere of action to which it may be destined.

With the commencement of the new year, we tender our salutations to the readers of the magazine which is now put forth to abide your favour or disapprobation. Conscious of its rectitude of purpose, it possesses that independence of sentiment so essential to its dignity and usefulness. Like a gallant barque, she has many times struggled through the boisterous waves of criticism, without the loss of shroud or spar; but with what success she now "shapes her course," the future only can determine.

The ephemeral character of periodical literature, has frequently inclined us to question its benefit and utility to the reading community, since it tends to indulge inordinate love of novelty, and to induce careless and superficial habits of study. As soon as curiosity is gratified, and novelty loses its charm, the reader consigns his magazine to repose in ignominious obscurity upon "the upper shelf." But such objections do not, of course, apply to college periodicals, whose avowed object is to call forth latent talents, and to excite praiseworthy emulation in the various departments of literature.

While the honor of our Alma Mater is in some measure involved in the reputation of the magazine, it is our duty to encourage and promote, both by precept and example, the humblest efforts of young writers, in order to carry out the laudable object of its projectors.

Do you, reader, who shrink from the thought of appearing in the Monthly, remember that your present situation is for purposes of discipline, not display; and that, could you write as you desire, there might remain little room for improvement, or the pleasant success which attends early efforts. No extraordinary acquirements are to be attained, without difficulty and toil; and perhaps no perseverance is more richly rewarded, than that of the literary aspirant. The reason of this is, that men look with peculiar satisfaction upon their own creations, and are consequently induced to pursue their investigations, from pure love of invention and experiment.

Having recently returned to these classic grounds, we are little inclined to undertake the stern duties of college, and the sterner duties of the post-editorial. Already the poetry of anticipation has merged into prosaic reality, and we begin to feel the uncomfortable weight of editorial cares. Reader, doubt not which of us shall most joyfully arrive at the last page of the Table,

and find that agreeable little Latin word, conventionally adopted by the "scribbling crew," implying the close of their labours—*Finis!*

Of all professions, that of editor is perhaps most conspicuous, as it is the most responsible and thankless. He must possess a large amount of knowledge, practical and speculative. From the labyrinth of a brain fertile in expedients, and abounding in well stored information, he is to weave new webs of thought, ever producing, seldom or never receiving. In a word, he may not inaptly be described as

"A reading machine, always wound up and going."

He must exercise the patience of a saint, and the wisdom of a serpent, without the venom peculiar to the "*genus reptilia*."

"Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumblings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending, still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labors of the fabled sisters—speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow,—an editor might well require labour the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long."

. He must be insensible to the corrupting influences of interested adulteration and unsparing detraction. Like the fabled son of the Titan, he sustains a world (of care) upon his shoulders, without a place for the sole of his foot. He must be a philanthropist in the most comprehensive sense,—a friend to every body and nobody's friend.

As we intimated, the scenes of our winter holidays are still fresh in the memory. How can we resist the pleasant recollection of merry sleigh-rides and skating parties, so inseparably connected with the popular associations of winter! Who can be wholly insensible to such manifold and fascinating displays of beauty, as those good old-fashioned sleigh-rides exhibit? Now fair youths and maidens exchanging expressive glances by moonlight, while the bells keep up a merry chorus; now

"The kiss snatched hasty, from the side-long maid,"

while a drift of snow overturns the sleigh with its precious freight, and shouts and screams terrify the truant steeds!

These constitute a part of the hilarities of winter. Then, there is Christmas Eve, sacred to the rites of St. Nicholas,—the tutelary deity of youthful fortunes; and New Year's day, devoted to social intercourse and generous hospitality. Upon this eventful occasion, the human family seem to acknowledge a common relationship, and look beyond the narrow limits of self-interest, in unfeigned regard for the general weal. Animosities and prejudices are buried in the oblivion of the past, while a pleasing sense of duty, draws out all sects and communities upon common ground.

Old bachelors, or "single gentlemen," as they are sometimes called *per modestiam*, absorbed in the sublime contemplation of a self-sustained existence, independent, at the expense of every social tie, and vain without esteem, now sally forth, in measured steps, to the abode of some fair Helen, whose roguish glances and merry laughter, touch the soul, conscious that "man was not born to live alone."

New-Year's day is peculiarly the people's festival. Long may it be observed!

But, we turn from these reflections, to our table, where we find a mental production, unprecedented in the annals of Nassau Hall—a *rara avis*—a new bird for our literary epicures. "In puris naturalibus," it is quite too rare for digestion; however, *un peu de l'art du cuisinier Français*, will render it more agreeable, and perfectly harmless.

An old poet, wiser than the fledglings of this untoward generation, affirms,

"The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head committs."

Indeed a book, whether in prose or verse, may be regarded as public property, since it is intended for general use and application.

Says the author of the "Rejected Addresses,"

"To weave a culinary clue,
When to eschew, and what to chew,
Where shun and where take rations,
I sing. Attend, ye diners-out,
And, if my numbers please you, shout
'Hear, hear!' in acclamations.

There are who treat you once a year,
To the same stupid set; good cheer
Such hardship cannot soften,
To listen to the self-same dunce
At the same leaden table, once
Per annum's once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
With men I like, the meat I hate—
Colman with pig and treacle;
Luttrell with ven'son-pastry join,
Lord Normanby with orange wine,
And rabbit-pie with Tekyll.

• • • • •

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh;
You waft their praises to the sky,
And when you think you're stirring
Their gratitude, they bite you—(That's
The reason I object to cats;
They scratch amid their purring.)

• • • • •

I knew a man, from glass to delf,
Who knew of nothing but himself,
Till check'd by vertigo ;
The party who beheld him ' floor'd ',
Bent o'er the liberated board,
And cried, ' *Hic jacet ego.*'

Some aim to tell a thing that hits
Where last they dined ; what there was wit,
Here meets rebuffs and crosses.
Jokes are like trees ; their place of birth
Best suits them ; stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process."

But, to return to the case at hand.

The production alluded to, is modestly entitled "A Budget of Youthful Fancy." Its exterior design, and execution, its clear type and beautiful paper, are every way worthy of the distinguished publisher, George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia.

The term *Youthful*, is rather ambiguous, since we are in doubt whether the author intended it, as an apology for his poems or a contrast to their supposed excellence and merit. The latter hypothesis, is open to some objections, which, if they prove correct, must seriously impair its strength, according to a familiar law in philosophy. We shall offer a few remarks upon the contents of this little book, in order to discharge an incumbent and unpleasant duty devolving upon the editor, as appraiser of literary property ; and furthermore, because the author is locally known among us, as a worthy member* of the Freshman class, whose talents are of promise in riper years, and unquestionably deserving a better exponent, than the volume before us. We would not be understood, to disparage intellectual efforts, when judiciously put forth, and sustained. With Dr. Channing's fine sentiment, in allusion to Johnson, we heartily concur. "We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind." But we deplore that our author should be determined to thrust his crude thoughts, and palpable blunders before the stern tribunal of an enlightened public ; and are conscious, that if he should eventually attain distinction in the republic of letters, he will have reason to regret the hasty and premature publication of his poetical effusions.

Our time and space, will not permit us to undertake a close analysis of these juvenile poems; nor do we desire the task ; but the few specimens subjoined, and selected from a multitude, equally surprising and original, will

* We have recently learned, that he has left the institution for another, more congenial to his taste.

suffice to convince the reader of our orthodox view of the "Budget of Youthful Fancy."

The piece upon "The Beggar Girl," is thus indited :

"My mother's dead ; and father, *he died too.* P. 13.

The third stanza is particularly worthy of attention.

"My poverty is like a stone in the path ;
None aid to lodge it in its former place,
But each one spurns it off in furious wrath,
And thinks it, not unfortunate but base."

The comparison is coarse and common-place. Since he appears to imply poverty in the abstract, he should have personified it; as it now is, it is destitute of sense.

Upon page 102, we find a verse without a parallel in our language, both in conception and untimely birth.

The author relates the tender experience of his youthful days, when his *inamorata*

"——spake of love to another,"

in the following jeu d'esprit :

"Then my heart, *as a stone made strong in its love,*
Became as a pillow (!) of sand,
And her words, like rain-drops, hollowed a groove,
And my life-blood coursed on the strand."

To say nothing of the "mixed metaphor" involved in this passage, it is deficient in a more important particular—an intelligent meaning.

Upon the snow-storm he exclaims—

"How charming grand is a snow-storm!"

Although we would not dispute the sentiment, we do take exception to the grammar of the line. Mr. Macaulay ventures upon similar inelegance of language in his History of England, but without a similar fault.

The second Montague House, was much more princely and magnificent than the first, and was long "the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science and learning, as were scarce ever assembled before under a single roof." It is a provincialism which may be forgiven so brilliant a writer. But if we judge rightly, our author has not even the excuse of "poetic license," for the commission of his blunder.

Again, p. 120,

"Still was the air and *awful dark*
The night-time was as hidden fate."

In order to complete the rhythm, he resorts very frequently to the most novel and absurd devices, as though the beauty and harmony of poetry, could not appear, without the aid of pleonasm.

"The trees are full to overflow,
The limbs are breaking down,
They still are covered but with snow,
And yield without a frown." P. 20.

Again,

"I would as other men I could but be." P. 35.

A fine instance of alliteration, truly. Even Demosthenes himself, with his mouth full of pebbles, according to tradition, would be puzzled in its pronunciation.

Again,

"Alas! 'tis but a bright fantastic dream,
A vision, which for me, is but defeat." P. 6.

Again,

"All is gone that sweetened, and embittered this life,
For the maiden—she sickened and died." P. 103.

And again,

"The horse was jaded, his foot, it slipped. P. 94.

The "Fragment" called "Byronic," is to say the least a failure. It is neither a good imitation, nor a good specimen of composition, with the exception of four lines near the close, which contain a truth happily and forcibly expressed.

"Oh when will men throw off this treacherous guise,
And learn to love a man for what he is,
And not for laughter, utter lowly sighs,
Or play the fool with mimic sympathies."

Were the spirit of his great prototype to address him, methinks it would be in the following sound admonition :

"Ye who aspire to build the lofty rhyme,
Believe not all who laud your false 'sublime';
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
'Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,'
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, 'Burn'
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But if (true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains,—
We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains."

The lines inscribed to *Mina*,—who, by the way, appears to enjoy an extraordinary share of devotion—abound in the pathetic, of which we give an example.

"The maiden's brow he saw that night
With sorrowing *did bleed*,
He knew her soul had felt a blight;
For love the heart doth read." P. 130.

Thus closes a ballad—"The Lover Knight:"

"In life they had loved, together had moved,
E'en death cleaved not asunder,
And there may they rest, of God be the *guests*,
Till awakened by his thunder." (?) P. 95.

In the language of pious Æneas we exclaim, "*quis te tacitum relinquat!*" The lovers are consigned to their *graves*, where they are to be the *guests of Deity*, at the same time reposing there until

—————awakened by his thunder."

We forbear note or comment upon this very remarkable passage, submitting it to the quiet judgment of the mind.

The volume literally abounds with gross and unpardonable blemishes; we say unpardonable, because any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to detect and amend them at a glance.

The piece upon "Thoughts of Night," the "Sonnet on Music," with the exception of the apocryphal sentiment it contains, and the "River," deserve more favorable notice, since they bear less evidence of art, and are in accordance with the rule of the Roman bard:

"Denique sit quod vis, *simplex duntaxat et unum.*"

True poetry does not consist in rant, and labored measures; it appears never to more advantage, than when the spontaneous flow of delicate and natural sensibility.

"This be the poet's praise,
That he hath ever been of Liberty
The steadfast friend; of Justice and of Truth
Firmest supporter; of high thoughts,
And all true beauty of the inward world,
Creator."

There is much that remains to be said, of the "Budget of Youthful Fancy," which we gladly leave to other pens, more capable of doing justice to its claims, whether by praise or censure. We shall, however, allow the poet to take leave of the reader in his own words, reserving for ourselves, the privilege of italicising their prominent ideas.

"I thank thee for thy gifts, beloved muse,
For granting me an humble share of fame,
Thou through my works with *God-like truths profuse*,
Didst pour thy arts to build for me a name.
Thou tutoredst well my unledged wings to fly;
And taught to me the secrets of thy realm;
And bore my mind unto thy throne on high;
And did my mind with knowledge overwhelm.
"Tis true I've suffered from the critic's guile;

*But when a gifted mind stoops to the ground,
The envious build for him a funeral pile;
For near the eagle oft the crow is found."*

Before concluding our "Table talk," we wish to add a few words, with reference to correspondents through the Post Office. Their number is sensibly diminishing. The rule is that no manuscript handed to the editor "in propria persona" shall be accepted, since its *tendency* is to place him in a position unfavorable to the proper exercise of his judgment. Whether it is through the general apprehension of "getting in a box," or of furnishing "rejected addresses" for the benefit of the Editor's Table, we have not the power of determining. However this may be, let such dismiss their fears, and rely upon it, a good production sent through the Post Office, will meet with a most *affectionate* and flattering reception.

In resigning the editorial chair, we wish our friends continued health and prosperity, introducing them to the more worthy successor of the

EDITOR.

To Correspondents.—The essays upon "Burns as a Man and Poet," "Self-Knowledge," and "Ringelbergius," are rejected for several important reasons. They neither display originality of thought or style; and both the chirography and punctuation, are miserable. So you see, there is still room for improvement.

"Hamlet" will appear in our next.

To our subscribers, we return our sincere thanks for their gentlemanly attentions to the editorial committee, when soliciting funds; and above all for their general promptitude in paying their subscriptions. The task of collecting was thus materially lightened, and their honor and credit now stand upon a higher basis than ever. Is not this a comfortable reflection? What shall we say of those who "hadn't the change?" Ah! we are half inclined to administer at least, a gentle castigation. But we recollect, and shall follow, the apothegm, "prudence is the better part of valour."

EXCHANGES.—We have received the Jefferson Monument Magazine," for January, 1850, also several late numbers of the "Yale Literary Magazine," and an old copy of the "Collegian," published at Dickinson College, Pa.; besides several *Evening Gazettes* of Boston.

Accompanying the "Collegian" is a printed circular, notifying the discontinuance of this highly creditable periodical, on account of heavy debts incurred through the shameful mismanagement of its former conductors. We truly sympathize with the patrons of the Collegian, in the loss they have sustained, and hope they may re-establish it upon a more permanent plan.